And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Words and music: Eric Bogle (1971)
arr. Don Macdonald (1994)

Freely
TENOR SOLO
Now when I was a young man, I car - ried me pack, and I
5
lived the free life of a rov - er. From the Mur - ray's green ba - sin to the
11
dust - y out - back, well, I waltzed my Ma - til - da all ov - er.
16
Then in nine - teen fif - teen, the coun - try said, 'Son, it's time you stopped
22
ram - blin', there's work to be done.' So they gave me a tin hat and
27
gave me a gun, and they marched me a - way to the war. And the
33
band played Waltz - in' Ma - til - da as our ship pulled a - way from the
TENOR unis.
hmm
BASS unis.

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39
quay; And a - midst all the cheers, the flag wav - ing, and tears, we
hmm
45
In time ♩. = c. 42
sailed off for Ga - li - po - li. And how well I re - mem - ber that
div.
hmm
div.
51
ter - ri - ble day, how our blood stained the sand and the wa - ter. And of
57
how in that hell that they called 'Suv - la Bay' we were butch - ered like
hmm

62
lambs at the slaugh - ter. John - ny Turk he was wait - in', he'd primed him - self
hmm
68
well, he shower'd us with bul - lets and he rained us with shell; And in ten min - utes
74
flat he'd blown us all to hell, near - ly blew us right back to Aus -
79
- tra - lia. But the band played Waltz - in' Ma - til - da when we
unis.
brm
brm
brm
brm
unis.

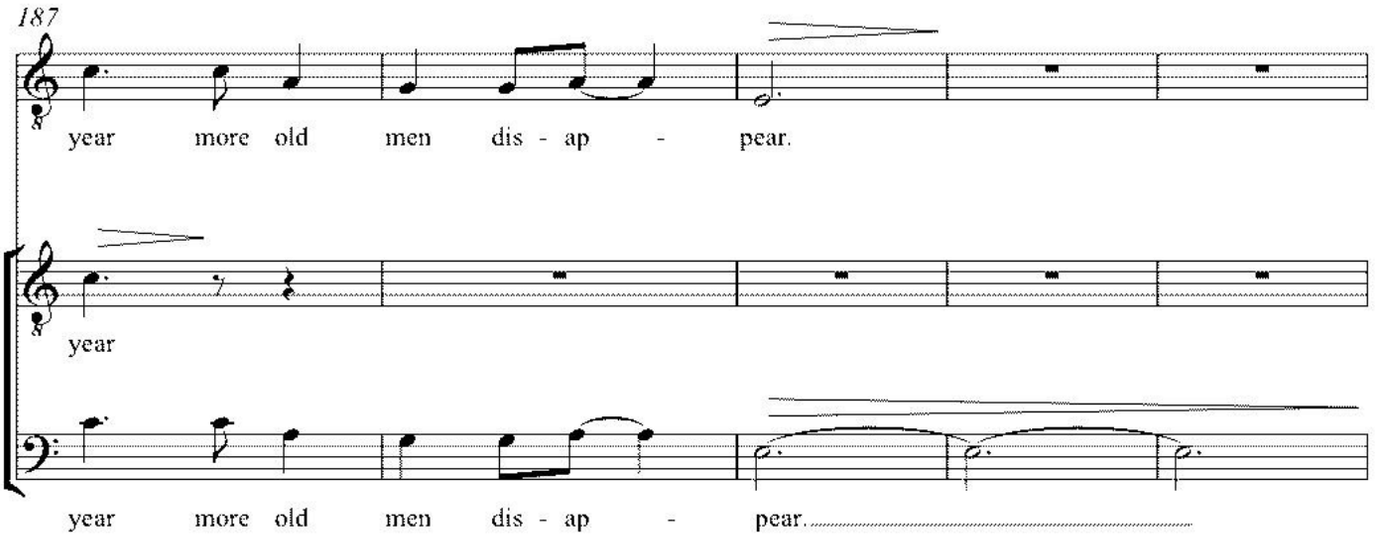
85
stopped to bu - ry our slain. We bur - ied ours and the
div.
brm brm brm brm hmm
div.
91
Turks bur - ied theirs, then we start - ed all ov - er a - gain. So they
So they
97
gath - ered the crip- pled, the wound - ed, the maimed, and they shipped us back
gath - ered the crip- pled, the wound - ed, the maimed, and they shipped us back
unis.
oo
oo
102
home to Aus - tra - lia. The leg - less, the arm - less, the
home to Aus - tra - lia.
oo
div.
The leg - less, the arm - less, the

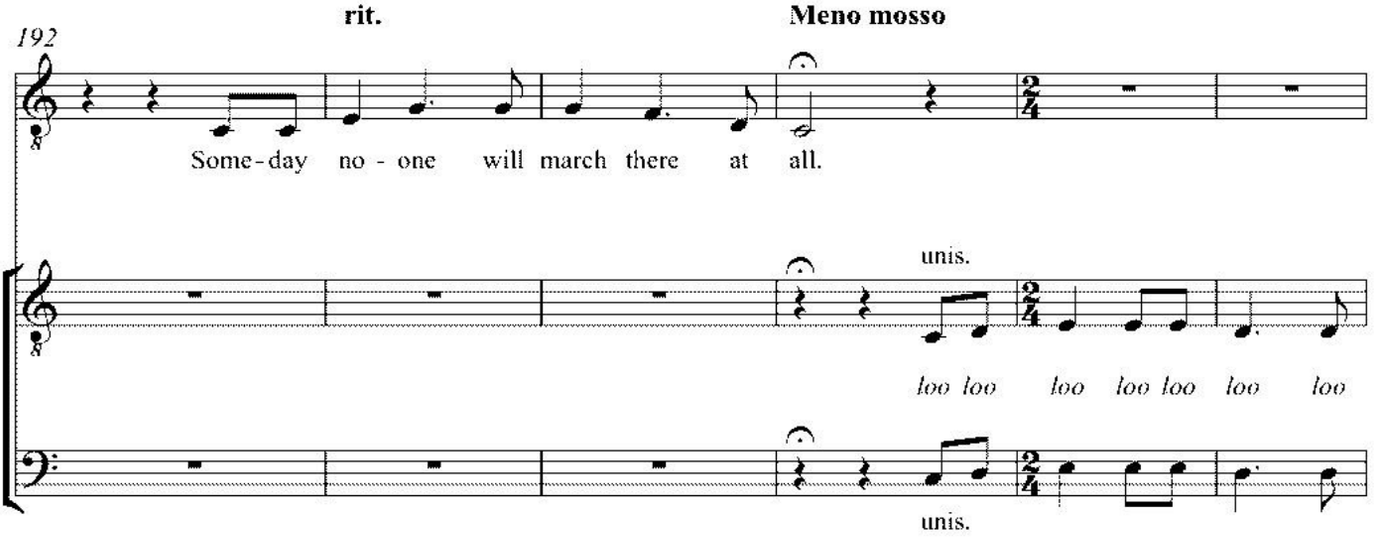
107
blind, the in - sane; those proud wound - ed he-roes of Suv - la. And
unis.
oo
blind, the in - sane; Those proud wound - ed he-roes of Suv - la.
113
as our ship pulled in - to Cir - cu-lar Quay, and I looked at the place where my
div.
oo
119
legs used to be, and thanked Christ there was no-bo - dy wait-ing for me, to
125
grieve, to mourn, and to pi - ty. But the band played Waltz-in' Ma-
But the band played Waltz-in' Ma-

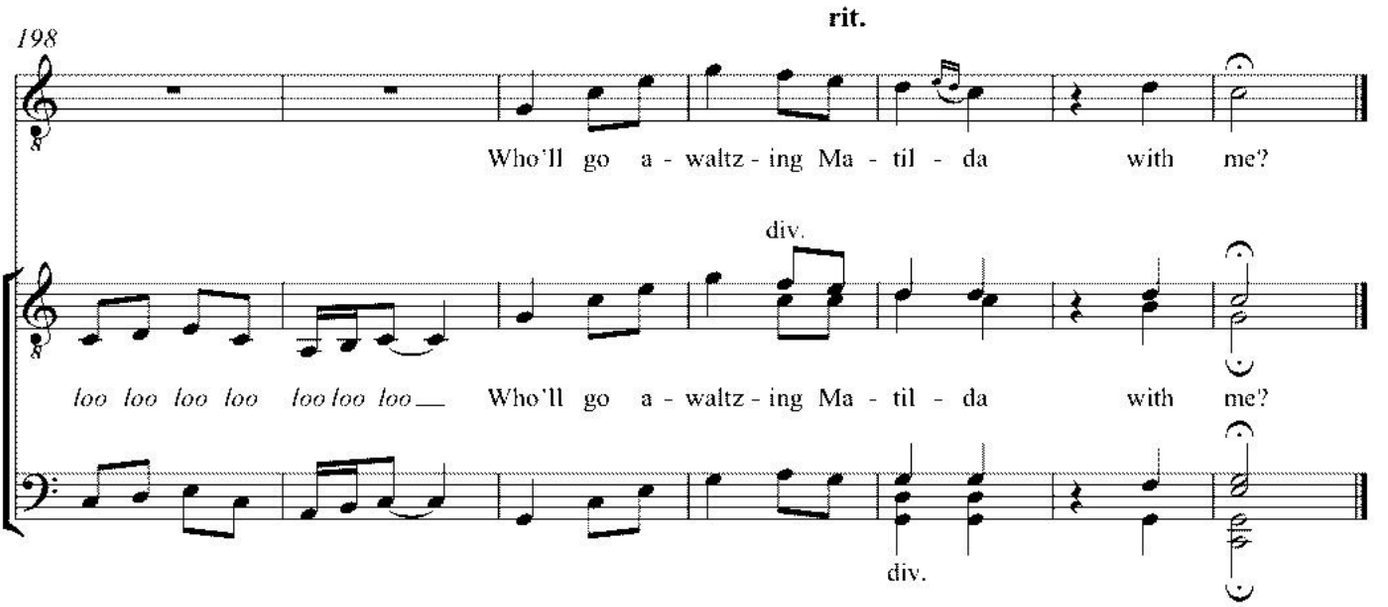
131
-til - da as they car-ried us down the gang - way. But
-til - da as they car-ried us down the gang - way.
137
no-bo - dy cheered, they just stood there and stared, Then they turned all their
143
fa - ces a - way. And so now ev - 'ry Ap - ril I sit on me
hmm
149
porch, and I watch the pa - rades pass be - fore me. And I see my old
hmm

155
com- rades, how proud - ly they march, re - viv-ing old dreams of past glo - ries.
160
And the old men march slow - ly, old bones stiff and sore; They're
old men march slow - ly, old bones stiff and sore;
165
tir - ed old he - roes from a for - got - ten war. And the young peo - ple
tir - ed old he - roes from a for - got - ten war. oo

170
ask, 'What are they march - ing for?' And I ask my - self the same
176
ques - tion. But the band played Waltz - in' Ma - til - da and the
But the band played Waltz - in' Ma - til - da and the
182
old men still an - swer the call. But as year fol - lows
unis.
old men still an - swer the call. But as year fol - lows
unis.
the old men still an - swer the call. But as year fol - lows


187
year more old men dis - ap - pear.
year
year more old men dis - ap - pear.


rit.
Meno mosso
192
Some - day no - one will march there at all.
unis.
loo loo loo loo loo loo loo
unis.


rit.
198
Who'll go a - waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me?
div.
loo loo loo loo loo loo loo
Who'll go a - waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me?
div.